Heape not another sinne vpon my head
By sheding of thy bloud, I doe protest
I loue thee better then I loue my selfe:
For I come hyther armde against my selfe,
Par: I doe defie thy coniurations:
And doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
Rom: What dost thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

They fight.

Boy: O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.
Par: Ah I am slaine, if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom: Yfaith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutios kinsman, noble County *Paris*?
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not regard him as we past along.
Did he not say *Paris* should haue maried
Iuliet? eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so.
But I will satisfie thy last request,
For thou hast prizd thy loue aboue thy life.
Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft haue many at the houre of death
Beene blith and pleasant? which their keepers call
A lightning before death But how may I
Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Iuliet*,
How well thy beauty doth become this graue?
O I beleeue that vnsubstanciall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my loue.
Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
Set vp my euerlasting rest
With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.
Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on
The dashing rockes thy sea-sicke weary barge.
Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kisse I dye. *Falls*

Enter

Enter Fryer With a Lanthorne.

How oft to night haue these my aged feete
Stumbled at graues as I did passe along.
Whose there?
Man. A frend and one that knowes you well.
Fr: Who is it that consorts so late the dead,
What light is yon? if I be not deceiued,
Me thinkes it burnes in *Capels* monument?
Man It doth so holy Sir, and there is one
That loues you dearely.
Fr. Who is it?
Man: *Romeo*.
Fr: How long hath he beene there?
Man: Full halfe an houre and more.
Fr: Goe with me thether.
Man: I dare not sir, he knowes not I am heere:
On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,
And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize.
Fr: Then must I goe: my minde presageth ill.

Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.

What bloud is this that staines the entrance
Of this marble stony monument?
What meanes these maisterles and goory weapons?
Ah me I doubt, whose heere? what *Romeo* dead?
Who and *Paris* too? what vnluckie houre
Is accessary to so foule a sinne?

Iuliet rises.

The Lady stirres.